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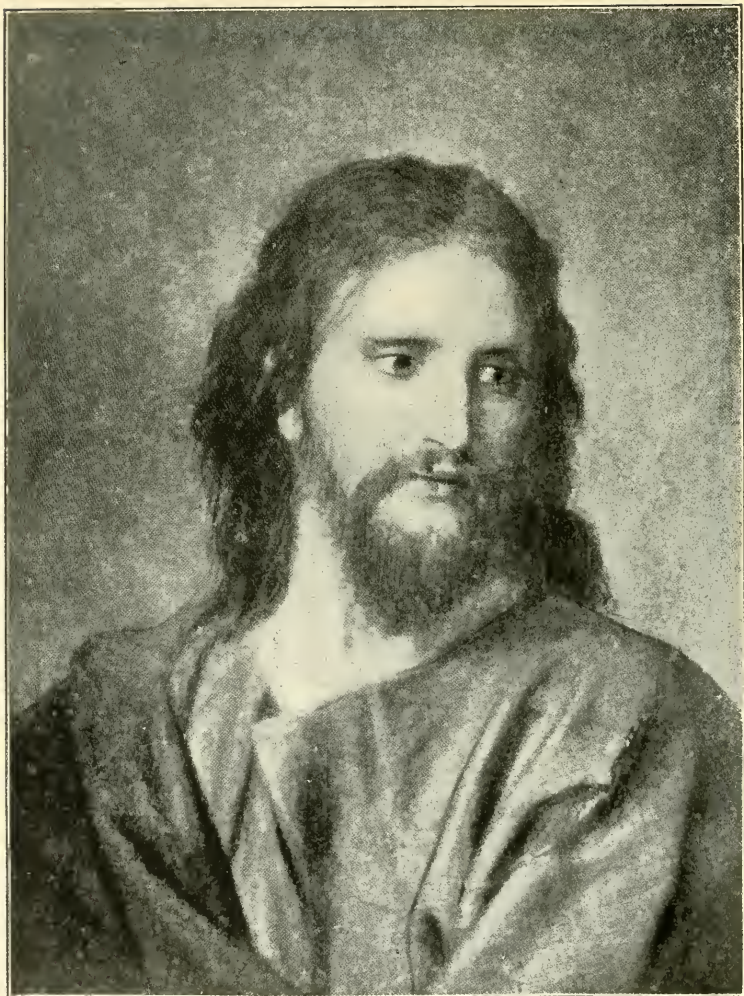












THE CHRIST.

# *The Christ*

An Illustrated Poem Covering the Following Phases of  
the Life of Christ: The Nativity, His Reception,  
The Temptation, His Works, His Passion,  
His Burial and Resurrection,  
and the Ascension

BY C. C. THOMPSON

(LENOIR, N. C.)

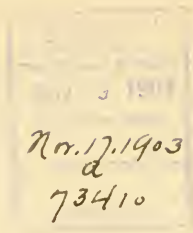
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NEW YORK

**Broadway Publishing Company**

1903



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TO  
ALL WHO LOVE OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST  
THIS VOLUME  
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.



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**The  
Nativity.**









"Heaven and earth unite in One,  
To carry out God's ancient plans."

## THE NATIVITY.

THE great dividing day has come,  
Betwixt two calendars it stands;  
Heaven and earth unite in one,  
To carry out God's ancient plans.

Prophetic vision long before,  
Had fixed the place, the very place,  
Where God and man should ope the door  
To heaven, for all the sinful race.

It fell to thee—O heaven smiled,  
It fell to thee, thou blessed land,  
To cradle first the infant Child,  
And hear the song of angel band.

Thou Bethlehem, thou favored spot,  
Where Ruth and Boaz once began  
According to the Lord's own plot,  
The line from which the Saviour sprang.

Amidst thy hills and grassy plains,  
The "Shepherd king" was born and reared;  
Here tuned his harp to nature's strains,  
And "King of kings" adored and feared.

While watching sun and moon and stars,  
The glory of the Lord he read,  
In lines and words of blazing fires,  
As on their circling flight they sped.

A million and a half of times,  
The sun had kissed thy hills with light;  
A million and a half of times,  
He left them wrapped in robes of night;

## The Nativity.

5

But now the light of endless day—

The Son of God, the Son of man—

Amidst the herd in manger lay;

To bless thee, thou historic land.

We envy thee, with vine-clad hills,

Thou land of prophet, priest and king;

We envy thee, with laughing rills,

Thou land where angel choir did sing.

But most of all we envy thee,

Thou sacred spot of all the earth;

Because thou wast the first to see

The Lord assume our flesh in birth.

On midnight air the angel song,

Announced the long awaited news,

That peace had come, though tarried long,

To all, Gentiles as well as Jews.

But how could they forbear to sing,  
The holy messengers of light,  
Who saw the Babe, a mighty king,  
The source of day and endless life.

But why didst thou the flight allow,  
To Egypt's far and distant land?  
Was it to thwart the king's rash vow,  
And stay his cruel, bloody hand?

Thy hills threw back in echoes wild,  
The bitter wail of mother heart;  
When each had lost a precious child,  
Pierced through by Herod's cruel dart.

Rama! we hear thee weep and wail,  
Thy infant sons lie bleeding round;  
But with the slain of all the male,  
The infant Jesus was not found.





"But God watched o'er that midnight flight  
From Bethlehem to Egypt's shore."



## The Nativity.

7

Ah! cruel, cruel, heartless man,  
To drive his Lord in darkest night,  
Away from home and native land,  
To save His life by secret flight.

While Joseph slept, in nightly dream  
An angel came and said, "Arise,  
I show to thee the wicked scheme,  
Of Herod and his secret spies."

But God watched o'er that midnight flight,  
From Bethlehem to Egypt's shore,  
And sent an angel, full of might,  
To tell him Herod was no more.

Again the holy angel came,  
This time to Egypt's distant land;  
And showed to Joseph in a dream,  
The guiding of the Lord's own hand.

“Arise,” he said, “to Israel go,  
The king is dead, the way is clear;  
The Lord has smote the wicked foe;  
To Israel go and do not fear.”

For nineteen hundred years and more,  
This blessed day has come and gone;  
It comes alike to rich and poor,  
It comes to all, in joy and song.

On Christmas day God gave His Son,  
On Christmas day men gave their gold;  
On Christmas day the star o’erhung  
The infant Christ amidst the fold.

We hail thee, blessed Christmas day—  
The day of memories most dear!  
The old grow young, the sad grow gay,  
And life drops back for many a year.

**His  
Reception.**



## HIS RECEPTION.

**E**GYPT, to thee we bow our knee,  
For in thy land did Israel live;  
And when Our Lord from home did flee,  
To Him a shelter thou didst give.

We now forget thy bondage, cold,  
For thou hast well redeemed thy name;  
Israel to thee their brother sold,  
And thou didst raise him to great fame.

Thy hardened hearts we do deplore,  
But hearts of hardest stone had they;  
For thou didst idol gods adore,  
While their's the God of endless day.

Jerusalem, the prophets' home,

Most favored spot of all the earth,  
Knew not that Christ, her Lord, had come,  
Till strangers told her of His birth.

Had He in kingly robes appeared,  
With sword in hand and crown on head;  
Had she the tramp of warriors heard,  
To distant lands He ne'er had fled.

But coming lowly as He did,  
With no vain show of royal fame;  
Beneath false pride her Lord was hid,  
Though as was taught, to her He came.

Unto His own He now has come,  
But from them He must go away;  
O had they known this Holy One,  
With joy they would have bid Him stay.

But some in temple waited long,  
To see the Christ, nor would they cease  
Till He had come; then this their song:  
"Now let us, Lord, depart in peace."

Jerusalem, where is thy crown?  
Another took it whilst thou slept;  
For on Him hadst thou cast no frown,  
O'er thee thy Saviour had not wept.

O hadst thou known thyself and Him,  
How different would thy history read;  
Instead of death, dark, cold and grim,  
We now should see thee in the lead.

From vessels made of purest gold,  
The wine with laughter thou didst sup;  
While He in tears thy sad fate told,  
And showed to thee thy bitter cup.

But now thy walls are broken down,  
Foundation stones are razed to earth;  
Thy name alone in hist'ry found,  
While nations celebrate His birth.



**His  
Temptation.**



## HIS TEMPTATION.

THE dove descends from out the sky,  
When, lo, a voice is heard to cry:  
"I am well pleased in this My Son,  
He is the Christ, the Holy One."

Then by the Spirit was He led,  
To him, who had our federal head  
O'erthrown beneath fair Eden's bow'r,  
Where He must test His human pow'r.

The Tempter waits Him in the field,  
His plans are laid, but will Christ yield?  
The awful struggle now draws near,  
Two mighty warriors now appear.

For forty days the conflict ran,  
The Prince of hell, the Son of man;  
While two worlds watched with bated breath,  
Another hangs 'twixt life and death.

"Command that these stones turn to bread,  
Thou art the Son," the Devil said;  
"By bread alone man shall not live,  
But to his God true homage give."

On temple spire now high they stand,  
For this the Devil long had planned;  
He quotes the word, and then draws near,  
And bids Christ leap without a fear.

Upon the mountain now they go,  
And see the landscape all below;  
"To Thee these kingdoms will I give,  
Why shouldst Thou *die*—take them and live."

## His Temptation.

19

Each planned assault the Saviour met,  
And then He said, "Behind Me get;  
I will be true to God and man,  
I will redeem, thou shalt not damn!"

His strength did now fierce hunger bite,  
For three times did the Tempter smite;  
But kingdoms, honor and great fame,  
He would not take in Satan's name.

The Devil leaves in sad defeat,  
For such an One he ne'er did meet;  
His head is bruised, his pow'r curtailed,  
And now he sees his plan has failed.

But twice again did Satan bring,  
Before the Lord, this selfsame thing:  
He tried to make the Saviour see,  
Another way to set man free.

To *make* Him king the people tried,  
For now in them did Satan hide;  
And Peter sought to change His mind,  
But Christ again did Satan find.

**His  
Works.**





## HIS WORKS.

**C**HRIST now proceeds with quickened pace,  
To bless and help a sinful race;  
For though the Tempter He has foiled,  
Around the race he still is coiled.

The twelve are called, we see them start,  
Though no one knew or guessed the part  
Which he should play upon the stage,  
To introduce another age.

How small the kingdom now appears,  
Its King no sword, no badge He wears;  
But small things should we not despise,  
For of small things great things arise.

Ah! Zebedee, we see thee gaze  
Upon thy sons, caught by this craze;  
How foolish all doth seem to thee,  
To follow Christ of Galilee.

But looking back from where we stand,  
We see the wisdom which was planned;  
He healed the sick, He taught, He preached,  
And thus the whole of man was reached.

To each He spake a word of cheer,  
The blind now see, the deaf now hear;  
The bruised heart He mollifies,  
The heaving breast He pacifies.

He spake as no man ever spake,  
Before Him men and devils quake;  
The infant child climbs to His breast,  
In Him the weary now find rest.



"The infant child climbs to His breast,  
The weary now in Him find rest."







"The one from tombs before Him fell,  
Was homeward sent His love to tell."

He walks on sea the same as land,  
The storm is calm at His command;  
His voice now puts the sea to sleep,  
The waves are smooth beneath His feet.

The fevered brow by touch is cool,  
The man is healed beside the pool;  
The palsied nerve is now made still,  
And nature's laws obey His will.

His garments touched as on He goes,  
And healing virtue from Him flows;  
The one from tombs before Him fell,  
Was homeward sent His love to tell.

The leper cries, "Unclean, unclean,"  
When, lo, his spots no more are seen;  
The fish is sent to Peter's hook,  
And from its mouth a coin he took.



The fig tree gives to Him no fruit,  
But cursed it withers to the root;  
The feast now has no fruit of vine,  
When, lo, the water turns to wine.

The untrained ass his Sovereign knows,  
Amidst the shouts he onward goes;  
Hosannas rise from young and old,  
As Jesus rides the untrained foal.

In temple raised to God of old,  
Their merchandise is bought and sold;  
With whip in hand the Saviour came,  
And drove them out as thieves in shame.

His spittle mixed with common clay,  
The blind man sees and goes his way;  
While he that had the withered hand,  
Is now made whole at His command.



The bier is stopped at His request,  
The widow's son leaps to her breast;  
The hungry multitudes crowd round,  
He speaks and food doth now abound.

Within the boat He lies asleep,  
While tempests toss the mighty deep;  
Awake He stands without a fear,  
His mighty voice the winds do hear..

That they might pray, He bids them come  
Apart from men, and be alone;  
Then Peter, James and John He took,  
That they might on His glory look.

He prays and, lo, two forms appear,  
And then a voice they also hear;  
Which said to them, "This is My Son,  
Him shall ye hear, the Holy One."

The light did now outshine the day,  
Then Peter said, "Here let us stay ;  
Three tabernacles let us build,  
And with these guests let them be filled."

To save from sin He came to earth,  
And this the object of His birth ;  
The poor are made to share His wealth,  
The sick are given perfect health.

With arms as wide as human needs—  
With love as deep as sinful deeds—  
In loving tones He speaks to all,  
"Come and be saved," is now His call.

The harvest truly hath grown white,  
But God is kept out of His right ;  
Of reapers there is such a dearth,  
The grain is falling to the earth.

The sheep are scattered far and wide,  
For no one doth by them abide;  
The wolves are howling all around,  
And thieves do evervwhere abound.

The church He now doth organize,  
That He its fruits might realize;  
He sends them out to try their hand,  
And devils flee at their command.

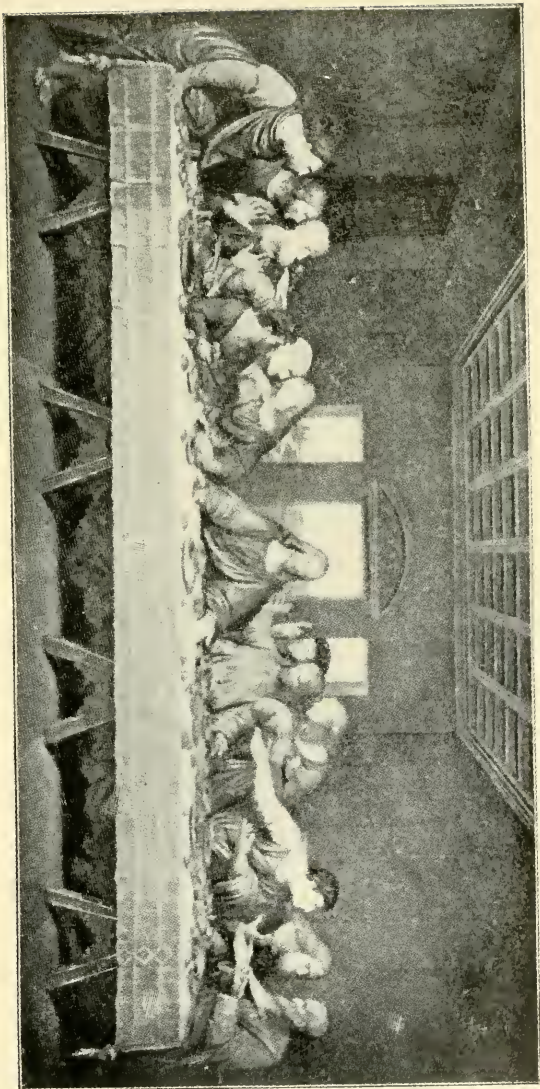
With great surprise they now come back,  
And tell to Christ, no power they lack;  
For Satan had like lightning fell,  
Before their faith, down to his hell.

“Because of this do not rejoice.”  
The Saviour said with warning voice;  
“But rather should your praise be this:  
Your names are in the book of bliss.”



**His  
Passion.**





"As oft as you shall this thing do,  
Remember me—I died for you."





## HIS PASSION.

**I**NTO the city go," said He,  
"An upper room prepare for Me;  
That I may institute the Supp'r,  
And take with thee before I suff'r!"

They found a chamber, as He said,  
And there prepared the wine and bread;  
And first and last they took the feast,  
On earth with Christ, their Lord and Priest.

He broke the bread and gave to each,  
He passed the cup, and then did teach:  
"As oft as you shall this thing do,  
Remember Me—I died for you."

“But one of you,” to them He said,  
“Shall Me betray, by hell he’s led;  
For Satan hath his heart possessed,  
Though now he’s numbered with the rest.”

With anxious heart each looked at other,  
To see if they could him discover;  
Who should betray his Lord and Christ,  
And sell Him for a paltry price.

Then each one said, “Lord, is it I?”  
For now they did their own hearts try,  
But Christ at once relieved their doubt,  
By pointing the vile traitor out.

“For he who doth now with Me dip,  
Shall Me betray with heart and lip;”  
To Judas then He gave the sop,  
Who now went out and made the plot.





"This bitter cup, O take away!  
'Tis hard the debt of sin to pay."

They sang a hymn and left the room,  
And went away, all filled with gloom;  
The One to die upon the Tree,  
The others this sad sight to see.

'Tis midnight, and Gethsemane  
Now sees the Lord on bended knee;  
With sweat and blood upon His brow,  
As He three times to earth doth bow.

"This bitter cup, O take away,  
'Tis hard the debt of sin to pay;  
Is there no way to set man free,  
Except I die upon the Tree?"

But when He had the vict'ry won,  
He said to God, "Thy will be done;  
For this is why to earth I came  
To glorify Thy Holy name."

But where are they, His chosen band,  
Will they not come and by Him stand?  
And wipe a tear, support His head,  
Before He by the mob is led?

They sleep! they sleep! O what a sight!  
They sleep! While Christ doth for them fight;  
He needs them now to wipe His brow,  
He needs them now with Him to bow.

But see! the angels now appear,  
They heard His cry, they saw His tear;  
But thou hast lost, O sleeping band!  
Thy work is done by angel hand.

Hadst thou been near to watch His grief,  
Hadst thou raised up this bowing sheaf,  
And in thy hand His blood hadst caught,  
What we have lost thou mightst have taught.

But thou wast human like the rest,  
We oft are forced to smite our breast,  
And sigh when some rich grace has fled,  
By which our hearts should now be fed.

They come! they come! with sword in hand!  
Is there no one to stay this band?  
And lest they should the Christ now miss,  
Judas betrays Him with a kiss.

Curs'd be thy lips, O sinful man,  
For thou didst lay the shameful plan;  
And sell thy Lord for silver bright,  
'Twas thou who ledst the mob at night.

Thy lips were black as darkest night,  
His lips were pure as lilies white;  
O could it be that lips like thine,  
Could touch the lips of One divine?

Heaven and hell in that kiss met,  
But thou didst force and He did let;  
Yet thou didst not to Him impart,  
The blackness of thy lips and heart.

Well didst thou hang thyself in shame,  
We shudder now to speak thy name;  
For by thy wicked plan well laid,  
Was Christ, the Lord, a prisoner made.

"I am the one whom ye do seek,"  
As dead they fall low at His feet!  
They then arose, His hands they tied,  
And led Him forth where He was tried.

The night was cold, the fire was bright,  
And Peter now appeared in sight;  
Then near the fire he drew to warm,  
And see if Christ had suffered harm.



Now one appeared who seemed to know  
Who Peter was, and speaking low,  
Enquired if he had not that day,  
Seen him with Christ along the way?

But nearer to Him Peter got,  
And whispered low, "I know Him not;  
For I do only chance to be  
A man who came in here to see."

Then spake the one who Peter knew,  
And said to him, "It is not true;  
Thy speech, I say, doth thee betray,  
I saw thee with the man this day."

Then Peter turned and cursed and swore,  
And would have passed out by the door;  
When Christ, who had the whole thing heard,  
*Just looked*, but uttered not a word.

Then, lo, the cock was heard to crow,  
Which seemed to say, "You now may go;  
You have your Lord denied with shame,  
And brought reproach upon His name."

No fault was found, though sought with care,  
In Him who all this shame must bear;  
"He's clear of any charge you bring,  
What shall I do with Christ your King?"

"Away with Him," they shout aloud,  
"He stirreth strife, He's not of God;  
Away with Him," again they said,  
"And let His blood be on our head."

Now Pilate washed his hands in vain,  
For in his heart was deeper stain;  
Had he but carried out the right,  
He could have saved the Lord that night.



"His back is bared, the catall played,  
His flesh with ghastly furrows laid."



Well did the Son of God now say :  
"Thou shalt see Me in that great day,  
When seated on My throne of power,  
Ye all shall answer for this hour."

They strip Him now of vesture, whole,  
They bow the knee and play the rôle  
Of subject to an earthly king,  
That they might shame upon Him bring.

His back is bared, the cattail played,  
His flesh with ghastly furrows laid ;  
Then on His head the thorns they place,  
And mock and spit upon His face.

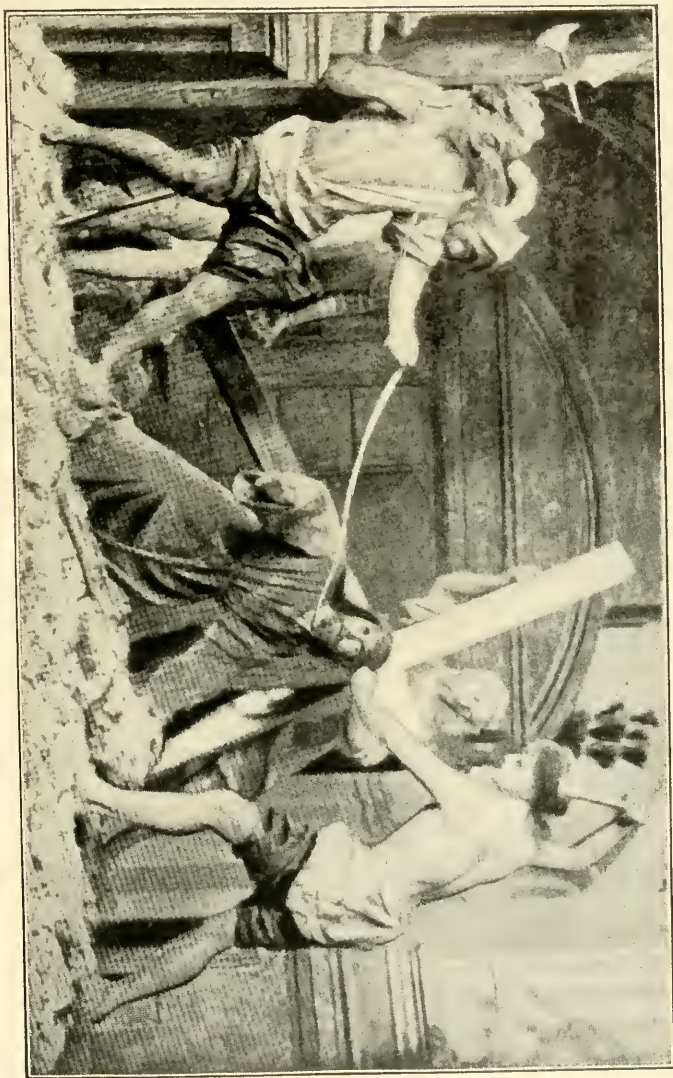
We close our eyes, we shun the sight,  
We strike the hist'ry of that night ;  
For nothing since, nor yet before,  
Do we with such contempt deplore.

Alone He stands amidst the mob,  
The Son of Man, the Son of God;  
Bleeding and torn, as by a beast,  
Who on His flesh had made a feast.

The Cross He bears upon the road,  
But falls beneath the awful load;  
With reeds they now His body smite,  
To further show their cruel spite.

Their vengeance still is raging high,  
Between two thieves the Lord must die;  
They mock Him on His dying bed;  
The crown of thorns still on His head.

Beneath the Cross on which He hung  
They gambled for His coat, and won;  
They pierced His side with pointed steel,  
As though their victim could not feel.



"The cross He bears upon the road,  
But falls beneath the awful load."





"My God ! My God !" He now doth cry,  
"Wilt thou leave me alone to die ?  
Come back ! come back ! My heart doth break !  
Come back, O God, My spirit take."

Thus calling loud for God to stay,  
For all His friends had fled away ;  
He bows His head upon His breast—  
*The Lord is dead*, but man is blest.

The sky is dark as midnight hour,  
The earth now shakes with mighty pow'r ;  
The vail is torn by unseen hand,  
The rocks are rent throughout the land.

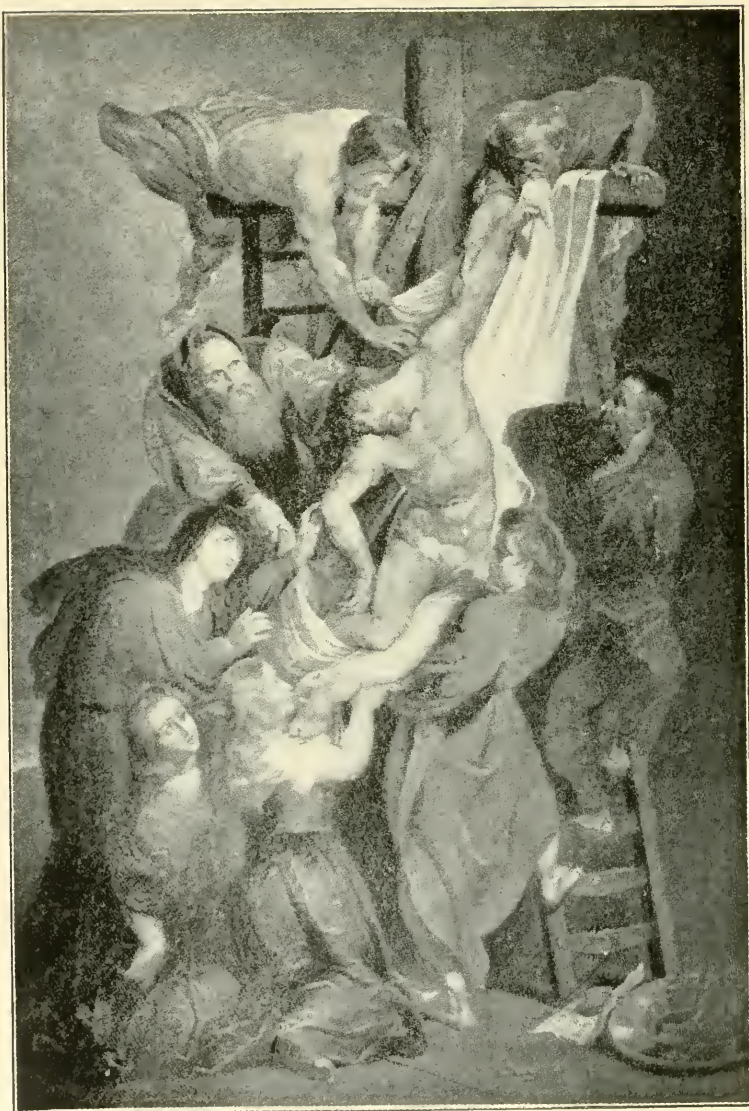
A voice is heard, half filled with fear,  
It came too late for Christ to hear ;  
Which dared to say amidst the mob,  
"This surely was the Son of God."

The sleeping dust of saints awake,  
As virtues of His death they take ;  
They witness on the crowded street,  
That now salvation is complete.

**His Burial  
and  
Resurrection.**







"The nails are drawn by loving hand,  
The women weeping round Him stand."

## HIS BURIAL AND RESURRECTION.

THE nails are drawn by loving hand,  
The women weeping round Him stand;  
In Joseph's tomb He now is laid,  
And lamentation for Him made.

And lest some one His body steal,  
And should the secret ne'er reveal;  
The seal doth now His tomb secure,  
A watch is set to make it sure.

Upon the first day of the week,  
Just as the sun, in gray light meek,  
Looked forth upon this deed of shame,  
With spice in hand the women came.

The stone they found was rolled away,  
"Where can He be?" to each they say;  
When, lo, an angel full of might,  
Sat on the stone in garments white.

His shining face, like floods of light,  
Had filled the keepers full of fright;  
They all before him fell as dead,  
And then arose and from him fled.

But to the women now he said,  
"Why seek ye Him among the dead?  
For in the tomb He doth not lie,  
He is alive, though He did die!"

"Go quickly," to them now he said,  
"And tell them Jesus is not dead;  
But ere you go behold these clothes,  
This empty tomb from which He rose."





"But, ere you go, behold these clothes,  
This empty tomb from which He rose."



## His Burial and Resurrection. 49

But as they went to bring the word,  
The Saviour's voice was by them heard;  
They turned and fell low at His feet—  
They were the first the Lord to meet.

The bands of death, so we are told,  
The Son of God could never hold;  
Nor could the grave in solid stone,  
Now claim His body for its own.

But is He now, just as before,  
The same Lord Christ they did adore?  
Some doubt that He is flesh and bone,  
And think His spirit came alone.

“See now my feet, My hands, My side,  
And see with thee I do abide;  
I eat, I drink, I call thy name.”  
“My Lord, My God, thou art the same.”



**His  
Ascension.**

Then blest He them and stood apart,  
For now to glory He must start;  
They see as upward He doth rise,  
Till He is lost to human eyes.

High in the sky, made by His hand,  
He now is joined by angel band;  
Which, like a cloud of glory, bright,  
They now escort Him in His flight.

“Lift up your heads, O lift them high,”  
Like thunders did the angels cry;  
When wide the gates of glory swing,  
And through them passed the Lord and King.

“He’s gone! He’s gone! Forever gone!  
And with Him all our joy and song;  
The world is dark and cold and drear,  
Come back, O Lord! our hearts to cheer.”



"They see as upward He doth rise,  
Till He is lost to human eyes."





Then through their tears they now did spy  
Two angels coming from the sky;  
Who said to them, "Why stand and gaze?  
Again He'll come the dead to raise."



H17 89

























